THE LILY.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

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THE LILY.

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Al communications designed for the paper or on business, to be addressed to

Mrs. MARY B. BIRDSALL.

Editor and Proprietor.

For The Lily.

MY DEAR H.—Some time since I addressed you a long letter, which was sent to The Lily for publication, but unfortunately it came out minus the last half, without either signature, date or place of residence. Of course you were not aware that you were the honored person addressed, or that the writer of the article was your humble friend.

In that letter I informed you that I had left the land of my birth, the scenes of my childhood, and all the fond associations which had so endearingly clustered around my more mature life, and had chosen for my future home this far away corner of Ohio. And here let me raise an ebenezar. Here commences a new era in my existence. Life opens before me under new aspects. It presents phases which I little thought when last we parted, ever to have experienced, and though it's a lesson hard to learn, "they who bear life bravely" must be prepared to meet the adverse as well as the joyous scenes with true philosophy; and it is also true that they who nobly and heroically overcome great sorrows, attain a strength and power that is of great value. Every experience of this kind is a new idea borne into the great store-house of humanity, which will eventually bring forth—some sixty and some an hundred fold of fruit. These, and kindred reflections, are my consolation when the anguished past rises up before me.

But let the dead past be swept away in oblivion's wave, and "Hope in the future," with its golden rays of joy and gladness, dispel the darkness which has surrounded me.

Yellow Springs is a delightful inland town, surrounded with much of wild woodland and river scenery, so gratifying to the lover of uncultivated nature. The climate is mild and healthful, which, with other attractions, renders it a pleasant resort during the summer months, and the number of guests assembled here at the present time, give evidence, that inducements of no common nature have attracted them hither.

The Yellow Springs House, devoted expressly to visitors, affords to the gay and pleasure seeking the more luxurious entertainments which, if not in accordance with physiological laws, are in the greatest demand.

Antioch College, with President Mann at its head, offers no small inducement to the literary and scientific mind, which is thirsting for knowledge; and occasionally we poor outsiders get a few crumbs from the lips of wisdom, which encourage us forward, and we feel that our lives are not altogether worthless while we can assist others up the hill of science, hoping that they will be fitted to fill the places now occupied by us, with greater satisfaction to themselves, and far greater benefit to humanity.

But notwithstanding the varied attractions with which we may be surrounded, the eye sometime wearies, and the spirit becomes depressed, when the exhilirating influences of new scenes and associations are needed to drive dull care away, and create different trains of thought, which shall thrill the soul with their inspiring influence, and pervade the entire system with their vitalizing and animating power. Such being the case with your correspondent, I picked up my satchel one Monday morn, not long since, and bidding good bye to my household, took the first train of cars East, with a view of paying a long intended visit to friends whom I had not met for years.

Headlong rushed the iron horse through a lovely and picturesque country, until the shades of night began to gather around us. Then cheerful words of greeting fell upon my ear, and the pressure of warm hands gave an assurance that I was in the midst of friends. Days passed in social converse, each one bringing with it new themes of thought and circumstances, as well as friends, some whose countenances were almost obliterated from my memory, and others who I now met for the first time, but who were rendered dear by past association with the loved and lovely, who had passed into that new phase of existence, towards which we are all tending.—Soon—ah! none can tell how soon—we all shall meet in that blissful land where hands once clasped, shall be clasped forever.

One of the many pleasurable incidents of my little tour, was meeting in a sewing society where were assembled a company of between forty and fifty ladies, in Cuyahoga county. Instead of being exclusive, and devoted to the interests of one church, it comprised the various societies of the whole town, and all seemed united in harmonious action for benevolent effort. It was called the 'Warrensville Union Sewing Society.' Among other things they had purchased a hearse, pall and harness, and had built a nice little carriage house for their safe keeping. The pleasure of having the dead carried to their last resting place in a becoming manner, must, I am sure, repay them for all the time and labor bestowed.

I have been acquainted with several sewing societies, sometimes two or three in a little country village, and have witnessed much of strife and envy among them, and have frequently been reminded of the passage, "Do unto others as ye would have them do unto you," and have often thought that more days than one in seven, were needed to call in and elevate the wandering thoughts, and inspire them with noble impulses and lofty aspirations for the good and true, and a greater desire for the improvement of humanity within their influence.

But this association, comprising, as it did, the whole town, thus bringing together the influence of all parties, established a combination of influence, not only calculated to do great good, but had a tendency to do away with much of that narrow minded selfishness, and sectarian bigotry, which is a blight on all progressive and reformatory movements. The afternoon I was with them, they met at a quiet farm house around which the lavish hand of nature had strewn much of loveliness, and evidences of toil and industry enabled the inmates to furnish a board overflowing with the productions of the soil, and gleeful and merry hearts, were not wanting, to diffuse enjoyment and sunshine among the company. Although an entire stranger to all, except the friends whom I accompanied, I enjoyed it exceedingly, and what do you think I had the impudence to propose? Why it occurred to me that the reading of The Lily would greatly encourage and assist them in their efforts to do good, while they, in their turn, could by their support and words of sympathy, encourage Mrs. Birdsall in her arduous employment; so having some of the papers in my satchel, I brought them forward, requesting them to examine them, and furnish me some names They did so with much interest, and the result was about eight subscribers, and I have reason to believe that that little effort will conduce to great good among the friends in that section.

Many did not subscribe who would gladly have done so, but husband carried the purse, and would laugh his wife to scorn did she express a wish to take a paper on her own account.

How often is my heart saddened when I see the little regard paid to the feelings of a wife in *small things*, which make up the great whole of human existence. Where woman toils alike with man, day after day, to support and sustain her family, very likely works more hours and passes more sleepless nights in discharging the duties which devolve upon her, he seems not to realize that she earns anything—that her labor is of any account—but its MY FARM, MY MONEY, and he doles out to her

with a sparing hand the mite, for which in great emergencies she ventures to ask, and very likely accompanies it with, "I don't see what you do with so much money—it was only last week I gave you fifty cents!" or perhaps with the softer suggestion, "make that go as far as you can, for I have not much to spare!" Probably he wants to take a journey to the city, or purchase a fob chain and some good cavendish.

But this is a delicate subject to touch upon. It is an intricate one to fathom. There are great faults existing on both sides, and great evils to be overcome in all this matter before domestic happiness, that most holy and sacred relation existing on earth can be realized in all its purity and beauty. In the investigation of this subject, great harm will come to some by awakening them to the position they occupy, but great good must eventually grow out of it to the mass of humanity. Like all other reforms and revolutions, it bears on its wave many excitable temperaments, who rush onward with such velocity that they lose sight of the great principles involved, and become swallowed up in the vortex of distracting influences.

L. E. B. M. B.

Yellow Springs, O., August, 1856.

For The Lily.

Letter from Sarah M. Grimke to her friend Gerit Smith.

Eagleswood School, August 4.

Dear Gerrit—The subject of your letter to E. C. Stanton, has often claimed my serious consideration. It treats of points of vital interest to humanity; points, the right view of which is essential to the progress of our cause. I rejoice that you wrote it, not because I accede to all the positions you assume, but because I hope it may awaken thought, lead women to study themselves, to understand their relation to the world, and quicken their perception of the fact that whatever form of dress their taste, judgment and good sense may approve, they are bound, as Reformers, to let that dress be simple, uncostly, convenient and healthy.

I must confess the Reform dress offends my taste; but its manifest fitness for walking in the country, through bushes and brakes, jumping fences, working in the garden, and all sorts of domestic labor, is an appeal to my common sense which I cannot resist. I therefore wear it for all such purposes, but I see no reason why it should be worn when quietly seated at home, or passing about a city, any more than a farmer who is visiting his friends, or spending a few days in New York, should wear his working clothes, or appear in the parlor in his shirt sleeves. Appropriateness ought to govern dress, and the moderately long dress appears to me most appropriate in the city, except when engaged in domestic business, or when the walking is wet.

It is not, however, the form of dress among woman which pains me, as much as the ministration through it to their lower nature—to vanity, to love of admiration, to the spirit of extravagance. It strikes me that all you say respecting the dress of woman, leads to the conclusion that she cannot enjoy true freedom and independence unless her dress leaves her limbs as free to move as possible, at the same time you insist on a distinction in dress.

Now, it is perfectly clear to me that the position, relations, duties, circumstances, avocations of woman do not demand such a dress at all times—that she could only wear it constantly at the sacrifice of feeling, delicacy and convenience. Here and there you may find a Helen Weber or a Captain Betsy Smith. If they have chosen professions which render any womanly dress incommodious and improper, I have nothing to say. Let them follow out the proclivities of their peculiar natures; but I cannot believe that those professions, or many others, such as house and ship building, and all the rougher or more laborious occupations belong to woman, or that she will ever follow them to any extent.

True there are many kinds of business that both sexes may engage in; many of the handicraft trades are of this description, and I rejoice that women are gradually introducing themselves into employments from which they have hitherto been excluded, such as the offices of clerk, salesman, bookkeeper, &c. This more extensive range of business relations, of contact with men, will operate most favorably; it cannot but produce a wider scope for thought, a greater opportunity for intellectual activity, a larger circumference of action, sharpen the powers of invention, increase the desire for usefulness and independence, and enable woman to take more comprehensive views of everything respecting herself, her relations to the whole human family, and the co-relation of one thing to another. But enough of this. The next generation will produce women of higher organization, of finer intellectual and moral development; they will not worship at the shrine of fashion, or allow themselves to be cheated of their common sense, their health, their convenience. They will realize what the Poet says:

"Life is real, life is earnest,
Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Meanwhile, although the present laborers in the cause of human rights may fall far short of our ideal of Reformers, yet let us heartily accord to them both gratitude and praise. They have done a mighty work. It is by posterity that the present attempt to gain the rights which appertain to humanity will be estimated, and the high value of the social speculations now made be appreciated. They may be destined to failures in our generation, but they furnish the light which will guide to the ultimate settlement of the great question.—"The execution of their design may be far from corresponding to the greatness of the enterprise, but no failure in the carrying out can impair the value of the conception."

I entirely dissent, my dear friend, from your affirmation, that the "Woman's Rights Movement is not in the right hands." Surely you must admit that many of the noblest, most independent, most morally exalted, most highly cultivated, most comprehensive minds are engaged in this reform—that the most vain, the most heartless, the most frivolous, the least cultivated intellectually, and developed spiritually, stand aloof from our ranks. "It cannot *now* be necessary to prove that IDEAS govern the world, or throw it into chaos. In other words, that all social mechanism rests upon opinion."

Now the past history of woman clearly proves that she has been regarded as the slave, or the plaything of man, a being *created for him*, created mainly to minister to his material comfort, to surrender herself to the gratification of his passions and appetites—at one time the object of his silly adoration, at another the machine which moved at his bidding, run in his grooves, and worked for his advantage—not exclusively, to be sure, for God has so arranged social and domestic life; that whatever we do for the happiness and welfare of others, always contributes to our own. Since the creation of woman, this has been her experience, her education, her discipline. Could she be other than she is? What was there in her pupilage to develop her intellect, to train her mind, to excite her to independence in thought, or in action? But it was not the opinion of man respecting woman, not his treatment of her that most powerfully tended to render her imbecile, contriving, dependent, effeminate, willing to live on *his* earnings, and recline in his bowers. The debasement was infinitely more the result of her accepting his opinions as Truth, and thus losing her self-respect. But could she in her then stage of development do otherwise? Surely not; she naturally regarded him as her superior, loved her ease, hugged her chains, nor asked a better state. But the time has came when physical force and intellectual acumen have wrought until they are weary. Man begins to perceive that he possesses a spiritual nature of which he had hardly been cognizant, which demands nutriment of another kind, enjoyments of a higher order, incitements and exercise of a superior quality. He begins, too, to perceive that while *he* has been pursuing animal gratifications and reveling in the fields of literature and science. Woman's love nature had been unfolding and strengthening, and coming more and more under the elevating influence of reason—that in her social and domestic relations she exhibits more tenderness, more patient watchfulness, more power of endurance, and that the exercise of these affections has called forth a higher spirituality, a greater devotion to God, a more intimate acquaintance with Christ, a stronger love for the truths of religion, a closer adherence to its precepts than has marked his character. Hence he begins to look to woman as the channel through which his higher, his spiritual self may receive the nourishment he craves. From her he had drawn the elixir of animal life—from her received the first look of affection, the first tear of sympathy, the first smile of approval. Her arms had been his cradle and his shield—on her bosom he found a pillow of repose.

Do we wonder that he turns to her to find spiritually what he had found materially? Shall he turn in vain? The holiest instincts of her nature answers no.

Man, in acknowledging the superiority of woman's religious nature, her greater attainments in the inner life gives her the highest assurance of his co-operation in her attempt to rise from her present degredation. He feels that there is something above power and science necessary to satisfy the yearnings of his immortal soul, and that woman is the medium through which he may receive it. She asks but time and patience—can we deny them to her?

When we remember what the condition of woman has been, how all her educational discipline has been calculated to check her aspirations after intellectual development, how she has been shut from those pursuits which render man intelligent, comprehensive, far seeing, wise to plan, strong to execute and willing to endure toil to secure independence, we may well marvel that there is as much left out of which to realize "Woman as she will be." Her tendency to improvement must be highly spontaneous and irresistible, to have enabled her to persevere, notwithstanding the enormous faults which have at all times absorbed or neutralized" her life forces. The fact that she has been no more deteriorated by all the appliances to her lower nature, by all the drawbacks to her higher, inspires not merely a hope, but a faith that she will yet be the savior of the world in conjunction with man, under the guidance and inspiration of their common Father.

Thus regarding woman, I cannot but believe that her cause is in the right hands. She must do the work of elevation for herself. No power out of herself can do it for her. There is a period in all reforms when, as Guizot well observes, "Men *will* feebly, but *desire* immensely;" and if woman has come to this mighty conflict partly shorn of her strength, by her love of dress, her puerile passion for ornament and display. Let us not forget that as an intellectual being she is in her childhood or adolescence. Let us accept her for what she is, for what she must inevitably be from habit, surroundings and education, until she learns by experience what kind of women the age calls for, and bends her powers to become what is needed. I have no fears for the success of this divinely inspired reform. My confidence in the moral endowments of my sex, and in their love of humanity is unbounded. I know they are capable of great self-sacrifice, of noble deeds, of intense suffering. I know that for this cause they have endured reproach, contumely, scorn, derision—they will endure more, and they will conquer. They will offer their vanity a whole burnt offering on the altar of "Human Rights."

Let us have patience with the present, it is the mother of a better future, and that future will usher in a yet more glorious day. "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise," and God hath "chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea and things which are not to bring to nought things that are."

The philosopher who has perhaps reflected more deeply than any other on the history of the human race, says: "Experience alone can teach us the measure of our powers. If men did not begin by an exaggerated estimate of what they can do, they would never have done all that they are capable of. Our organization requires this." Woman, under the strong feeling that she is deprived of her rights as a human being, may have made an over estimate of her capabilities, but as no force, however intense, can effect any modification in society which is not in accordance with the necessities of the age, nothing will be lost by this over estimate The very fact that her claims are high will stimulate her to aim at becoming fit to meet the responsibilities and duties which belong to the elevated position to which she aspires. She is now receiving an education, passing through a discipline which she needs, and which she can only gain by a severe experience. She is acquiring knowledge which will make her see th necessity of thinking and acting for herself, undergoing an ordeal which will teach her to prize self-reliance, gaining an independence which will teach her to pursue some occupation that will secure a maintainance to herself, and enable her to aid in the support of her family. There are multitudes of women whose energies are trittered away in the little occupations of domestic life, who might and would do all they now do, and turn the residue of their time to useful account, if they had some employment which was remunerative. The time, I trust is not far distant when it will be regarded as humiliating to be dependent on a father, husband, brother, cousin, &c., unless circumstances absolutely disqualify a woman for earning her own living. Custom has rendered dependence so common that it really *seems* right; but men are beginning to weary of this double burden, and one who remarked that he should rejoice to see the waste time in his family turned to some profitable account, only spoke the feelings of thousands whose premature wrinkles and care worn faces proclaim that their strength is overtasked.

I cannot but hope that this appeal to the heart of woman will operate to rouse her to a sense of her obligations to do what she can towards supplying her own material wants, and this will unquestionably open to her the means of ministering to those of her intellectual nature. When she enters the path of usefulness and duty, she cannot but see the incompatibility of her present dress with true womanly dignity. I look with certainty for the time when her gewgaws and fashions will drop off as did the sword of William Penn, so soon as he was internally prepared to part with it.

You lay down another proposition, my dear friend, which I think is wholly untenable, viz. the identity of man and woman. If they are essentially the same, whence comes the difference between them? Why has man, in all ages, and in all nations, exhibited more physical strength, more intellectual power, more mental endurance, more continuity of thought, more comprehensiveness, more concentration, more invention, &c., than woman? Why has she, too, her peculiarities as strongly marked as man? She has more vivacity, more sparkle, more cheerfulness, more elasticity, more quickness of apprehension, more disinterestedness, a keener sense of justice, a greater intensity of love, a higher appreciation of spiritual things.—Difference, however, does not necessarily imply superiority in either. Each has improved the faculties bestowed, and the sexes are admirably adapted to draw out and educate the distinctive characteristics of each. It seems to me we disparage God's work by supposing that he has created two beings identically the same, instead of giving to each peculiar qualities, whereby they might mutually instract and benefit each other. But although I assert an essential difference between the sexes, I admit that they have a common nature, physically, intellectually and spiritually. The two first they share with animals "which manifest most of our affective and even intellectual faculties, with mere difference of degree; a fact which no one ventures to deny at this day." But there is another nobler nature belonging to man. His distinguishing attribute is reason, that faculty by which he perceives the eternal distinction between right and wrong. Here he has nothing in common with animals, this spark of divinity, this guide to perfection is shared with God. It is the annointing which is in you, which teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and no lie."

But whilst I accord to man superiority in physical strength, in all the more hardy and severe departments of the understanding, I must believe that the spiritual nature has been more highly developed in woman than in man, because it is universally conceded that the strength of the moral world lies in woman —that in her heart religion has found its home—that she is from her very organization more susceptible to spiritual impressions.

Now it is neither physical strength nor mighty intellect that will regenerate the world. It is the unfolding of our rational nature which will introduce the spirit of gentleness, forbearance and love, and render mankind a holy brotherhood. When these glorious attributes of Deity are embodied in woman's life, so far as the finite can approach the Infinite, she will shed around her a rich aroma which will permeate the moral atmosphere as the fragrance of flowers does the natural. But it holds true in this, as in every thing relating to the sexes. "Neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man." The present conflict manifests the tendency of humanity towards a new social system—indefinite enough, but radically different from the old. This may be the negative era of social progress, but it is indispensable as a preparation for the advent of that change which will result in the elevation of woman, and the spiritual advancement of man.

Yours, most truly,

SARAH M. GRIMKE.

From the Ladies Enterprise.

Grave Yard Reminiscence.

BY IDYL.

A pretty child sat upon an humble grave, over whose head-stone, originally white, the delicate moss had crept in spots of yellow and green. The little girl had by her side a quantity of roses, which she mingled dexterously with green leaves, then wound a tiny string round the slender stems, until a beautiful wreath was formed, which she seemed to view with evident pleasure.

An old man of some seventy summers, who had been haunting the ground all the afternoon, came slowly forward, and gazed upon the child. The hand that grasped his staff was tremulous, and his thin form seemed but a shadow of the living among the dead.

"Who have you lost, little maiden?" he asked, with his shaking voice.

"Sir?" she replied, lifting her sweet blue eyes to his face.

"Is your mother dead, little one, or your father? do dear brothers or gentle sisters lie here?"

"Mother is at home sewing," she replied artlessly; "papa is at work in the town; little sisters are at school, and baby Minnie is asleep in the 'cradle bye.'"

"Then who are you making the wreath for, little one? Is it to wear upon your own head?"

"Oh, no indeed, sir," was the answer, spoken reverently, "these pretty flowers are for my dear, good grandfather, who is dead—I mean whose *body* is dead, under this stone. He loved little children," she added, with a touching earnestness.

"You loved him, too, very much, I suppose," said the old man, while the tears came into his eyes.

"Mother tells me I should have loved him very much, she replied sadly, "but I never saw him; mother says his hair was very white, and hung down his neck in curls as pretty as mine."

"What, and do you deck with flowers the grave of one you never knew, never saw? Excellent mother of such a child," he repeated, half to himself, then bowing his head low on his bosom, he murmured, "there is no one living to lay flowers upon my tomb, when I am gone," and kneeling, he read the simple inscription how one "Jacob Wells died in the Lord."

"Oh! my child, my child," he sobbed after a moment of bewilderment, and clasping his hands, "I shall then have some one to place flowers even upon the dust of this old body. Little one, the dear form that sleeps here was my own, my only brother. I have come from a foreign land to die; I have been seeking his name among these tombstones; little one, I shall then have tears, perhaps, shed upon my grave—roses planted there."

"Oh! yes, indeed you shall," said the little girl, with all a child's ignorance of death; "I love you, for mamma says I must always love aged people, whose hair is gray. Let me place these flowers—there, so! now come to my mother, she will be so glad to see you if you knew grandpa."

We might tell of a beautiful and devoted girl in a certain village, who guides the uncertain steps of a blind old man every morning, who is almost the idol of old and young: and who is made, by this advent of her aged relative from over the sea, heiress to an immense fortune. But the latter has in itself little importance, for this unassuming and Christian girl needs not the trappings or the fame of wealth to increase her goodness, or add to her loveliness.

RICHMOND, Sept., 1856.

DEAR MRS. BIRDSALL—Permit me to call the attention of your readers to the approaching anniversary of the Women's Rights Association, to be held at Winchester on the 16th and 17th of October.

Never since the first breathing of woman for freedom, has there been a time which demanded calm and reflective investigation of the position, rights and duties of every responsible human being, more than the present.

Although Gerrit Smith says that "every woman's Rights Convention has been a failure," we do not think so. We see too many evidences of the good that has grown out of the enunciation of the high resolves and noble sentiments at those Conventions, to believe that the truths proclaimed from year to year, will fall powerless on the listening multitudes. No! They go out from these meetings with deepened convictions of the righteousness of the cause of human rights, and with new courage to dare and do for the right.

And especially is the present an auspicious time for the dissemination of the great truths embraced in the Woman's Rights movement; the public mind is peculiarly prepared for the investigation of Right. The latent energies of mind are being called into action by the present political prospects of our country, and *truth* will receive that candid consideration not heretofore awarded to it.

Then let every woman go to that meeting strong in *heart*, and firm in purpose, resolved to do her part to carry forward the work of woman's enfranchisement.

M. F. THOMAS.

BITTER BAD THOUGHTS.—BY A BITTER BAD MAN.—The law ruins men, and Fashion women.

There is fitness in all things, excepting cheap clothes.

It's a bad plan not to grumble—the wheel is not oiled till it creaks.

The man who intends getting round his wife must start very early in the morning.

Prosperity shines on different persons much in this same way that the Sun shines on different objects. Some it hardens like mud, while others it softens like wax.

A miser is but a human version of the turnspit dog that toiled every day to roast meat for other person's eating.

Hail a cab in bad weather and it may come to your assistance; but hail a friend in your adversity, and see what notice he will take of you.

Life is a romance which most young ladies would like to begin by reading the third volume first—as it is the one which generally contains the marriage.

THE LILY.

RICHMOND, IND., OCTOBER 1, 1856.

WANTED.

TWO COMPLETE SETS OF THE UNA, for which a good price will be paid. Any person having one or more volumes, or volumes *nearly* complete, that they are willing to dispose of, will confer a favor by communicating the fact to the Editor of The Lily.

July, 1856. 3t.

THE LILY:

A Semi-Monthly Journal, devoted to Temperance and the Interests of Woman.

We are fast approaching the close of another year's labor; and with a smile of thanks to our many friends who have never ceased to remember us, we again throw abroad our banner for the next year's work, trusting that beneath its bountiful folds many a worker, with a strong, good will, with determined faith and growing ability, will rally to think, to labor, and to aid. We have far more to hope for, from the reciprocation of individual experience and thought, humble though these sometimes may be, than the ostentatious display of sentimentalities—from the full, firm, womanly trust in a just Providence—from the growing consciousness in woman's own soul that from her own native genius must come her protection—from her own individuality comes her rights, and that from her own efforts comes her achievements, than from all other sources together.

By thought and prayer and effort, we will strive to maintain every vantage ground; and strive we must, ever, since no good thing can be sustained only by endeavor.

For the elevation of woman we labor; for the sake of love, righteousness and immortal blessedness.

As months pass, we see renewed reasons why our Woman's Rights movement must succeed. By her humanity, by the virtues of human nature, we are made to feel that too much virtue and goodness exists to allow wrong and error and oppression many years to control her rights. We therefore invite all who believe that Temperance is for human good:

All who believe that Government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed:

All who believe that taxation and representation should go together:

All who believe in the right of all to a trial by a jury of their peers:

All who believe in remunerative wages for faithful labor:

All who believe in the equal right of every child, irrespective of sex, to the advantages of the public provisions for education, to give us their encouragement and acknowledgment of approval, as well as their co-operation and aid. These we need from the beginning to the close of the year.

We issue with this number our prospectus or the next year. Will not every one who receives a copy of it, place it in their pocket, and aid us by procuring subscribers, whenever it is within their power?

Terms of The 9th volume of The Lily, commencing January 1st, 1857—Fifty cents per annum, or seven copies for three dollars.

Address MARY B. BIRDSALL,
Richmond, Wayne co., Ind.

The Fall Conventions.

The calls for the National Woman's Rights Convention, at New York City, and the annual meeting of the Indiana Woman's Rights Association at Winchester, Randolph county, will be found in another column. We particularly call attention to them. In these 'troublous times' woman's *soul* is being aroused—her deep feeling at woman's wrongs and the illy protected individual rights of families and members of families, whether male or female, alike dear to every fibre of her being, are arousing her to an investigation of their primal cause. Action with her is coeval with insight; and since it is mainly through the series of daily or continual actions, rather than through the single act of considerable beneficence that human happiness is mostly increased, so we will find it is through these oft and never-failing recurring Conventions that we must look for greatest good.

Let every one go, determined to discharge whatever their hands find within their power to do. Let every woman, instructed or uninstructed, speak out of the fullness of her own soul, and this if not the exclusive, will be our most efficient instruction. The concentrated knowledge of whole libraries of D. D's, and of Philosophers, is not so essential to our success as the insight into human nature, the exposure of its laws, wants, satisfactions and mental and moral habitudes.

We have great faith in woman's earnestness and ability. Those who have been the pioneers in this Woman's Rights movement will still be strong and faithful, and new fresh hands will daily come to the labor.

Let every woman seriously ask herself and her duties can I attend these conventions and act promptly accordingly, and thereby there will be a full attendance and efficient meetings.

☞ We send our most friendly acknowledgements to Mrs. H. L. Hibbard, for the following letter. This Kansas Aid Society, of which Mrs. H. is President, is destined to do much good. Blessings on their nobleness:

Another Letter from Kansas.

BLOOMINGTON, KANSAS TERRITORY,
August 29th, 1856.

Mrs. H. L. Hibbard, Pres't Illinois Woman's Kansas Aid and Liberty Association:

—Yours of the 4th inst. was received two week's since. I was at the time too unwell to answer it, having been ill with fever and ague, and wishing to take suitable time for inquiry and investigation with reference to the matter proposed. I am living at Bloomington, twelve miles from Lawrence, and nearly in the center of the seat of civil war, as it existed last spring, and as it exists at present in its renewed outbreak—for it is again renewed, and for the last three weeks has been upon us. Our men who are able to bear arms are nearly all in camp and on duty. There are numerous cases of suffering from destitution and want, but fortunately but few if any in this vicinity, at present, who have been made widows, or children who have been orphans in consequence of the war. Yet the war has caused much suffering by reason of the breaking up of business, and the loss of time. There are cases of deep affliction, where charity would not be misapplied; and let me suggest, that if all the funds sent for the relief of objects of charity contemplated by your Association, be sent to individuals or to committees in the large towns, many of the needy and some of the most heroic sufferers will not be reached, because they will not be known. They are out of the reach of such committees, and in comparative obscurity in this sparsely populated territory. Let me state a fact. There is living near me a family of ten persons—the parents and eight children. They are a worthy pious family, from Massachusetts. They expended all their means in coming here. The oldest sons are young men—the oldest daughter, a young lady, intelligent, refined and pious. The remaining five children too young to be serviceable, if well; but all have been sick, and much of the time for more than a year past, frequently all sick at a time, so that scarcely could one help another to a drink of water.—Sometimes no one but one, and sometimes another of the young men to cook for the others and administer the least comfort. Again they have partially recovered, and when called on for the defence of their country and to aid the cause of Freedom, cheerfully have ALL given up, the husband and father, the sons and the brothers, to take up and to strive on the tented field, to save to themselves or to their brethren, a LAW, and a *church free from the curse of Slavery*. They have been, since I have been here, at times destitute of food, except corn meal and a little milk—without money to buy food or medicine. I myself one day obtained some charitable assistance for them, and when it was presented, the young lady, then lying on a sick bed, covered her face, and with tears and groans cried, "*Oh! has it come to this?*" They are also destitute of a comfortable house for winter—living in a small log cabin, without a floor—destitute of clothing, so far as I know, suitable for winter—without beds, except prairie grass, in nearly worn out ticks, and without bed clothing sufficient for a frosty night in October—but one chair in the house—no stove, and but few articles of domestic use. Such things could not be brought into the country with their limited means, and sickness and trouble by the warlike invasion of Kansas, have prevented their being able to procure them here. And yet they do not complain, but still hope for a free country, and for health to make improvements, so as yet to be comfortable. There are other cases where charitable aid would do much good, but I know of no other case in the Territory where it is so pressingly needed as here. I have devoted as much time and attention to them as my own health and other duties would admit, and am happy to state that all are now enjoying a degree of health that enables them to be about the house, and the two oldest sons are in the camp, while the father is attending to the wants of the family. Any funds that your association think best to devote to their relief, or for the relief of others that may be needy and worthy in this place, if sent to me, I will faithfully and gladly apply. At the

same time, I would suggest the name of Mrs. Susan Wattles, Lawrence P. O., as a lady with whom you can correspond for further information.

We, here, generally, have a mail but once a week, so that a further correspondence with reference to the case referred to above would delay relief until quite late in the season. I, also, myself, expect to remain here only until the last of October, when I shall return to my family, at Lodi Station, Kane county, Ill., to remove them here early in the following spring. Being a Missionary for the American Missionary association for this place, I have taken much pains to become acquainted with the circumstances of the case related above, and without any knowledge, on their part, that anything would be solicited for them, but previous to receiving your note, had determined to try what I could do for them, and I hope the case, with others that I have no time nor room to describe, will be favourably noticed by your Association.

The war still continues. A dark cloud hangs over the prospects of Kansas, and unless Congress should do something to put an end to it, and establish justice, I know not what it will come to. Still, I hope in a prayer-hearing God. I learn that the President has, by proclamation, reassembled Congress. Let us still hope that by the firmnes of the Friends of Freedom here—by the united and hearty co-operation of the North, and by the turning of the hearts of the President and Congress, by Him who has the hearts of all men in his hands, we may have PEACE, and peace upon right principles.

Thanking you and your coadjutors, my dear sister, for the interest you take in the cause of suffering Kansas, I subscribe myself yours truly, in behalf of universal freedom,

REV. H. N. NORTON,

For The Lily.

Woman's Great Needs.

A self-sustaining Independence is the great good which is to emancipate woman—mental, moral, physical independence. She must assert her right to self, that God-given right which it is a blasphemy to desecrate. Until she respects this right, and successfully defends it, she will be the humble victim of abused power—a hopeless, helpless slave.

We talk of purity? There can be no purity without freedom. We may have a forced chastity—a forced purity never.

We must have mental and moral independence, ere we can expect physical independence. Woman must know her wants before she can labor successfully to supply them. I assert the great want of humanity is self-possession; pre-eminently is this woman's need. She may not know it—the heart may continue to cry give, give, and yet not know what it would have. There is a great want in the soul of woman, yet often she knows not what that want is.

If we would be free—if we would be useful and happy, lovely and beloved, we must strive for personal freedom—freedom in our thoughts and lives. Our aim must be to strengthen ourselves for self-reliance—mental, moral, physical self-reliance.

Woman is weak; she is fettered on every side, externally and internally, and these fetters are now worn with galling bitterness, which ofttimes drives all loveliness from her heart and life. It is not freedom which has wrought this sad condition in woman—it is the degradation of a nature too noble to submit to slavery—too heavily shackled to burst into exultant Freedom. Give men and women individual liberty, and soon the Divinity within them will develope the purity of true manhood—of true womanhood. There will then be no unsexing of either, as is now so much lamented; there will then be no clashing of interests between the two, for an all-wise God has not failed in his adaptation of harmonious relations between the noblest of his works, designed to bless and be blest by each other.

Mrs. E. P. F. B.

Michigan.

For The Lily.

Letter from M. C. K. A.

HANOVERTON, OHIO, August 10th.

MRS. EDITOR—Again The Lily comes to me, a most welcome messenger, bearing tidings of the progress of our cause—a cause, the final triumph of which, shall elevate not woman alone, but man also.

I would that The Lily, or some one of the papers advocating the cause of woman could be the inmate of every household. It is with the young that we can exert our influence most certainly for good. Those of mature years have worn their chains so long that the cankering links have eaten out their true, independent womanhood; and like abject slaves, they refuse the freedom which might at once be ours would *every* woman arise and say these things shall not—we will suffer our God-given birthright to be sold no longer.

But, alas! many of the present generation of women are not aware that they ever possessed a birthright—they verily and truly believe it is their true sphere to act as man dictates, and live in child-like dependence upon his will. In circulating petitions, last winter, to have the words *male* and *white* stricken from our State constitution, I found more opposition from *women* than from *men*. How long, oh! how long, shall these things continue? But let us never despair—truth is eternal, and will prevail. All we need is more light—more agitation—more true women who will come out and take a firm stand by practically demonstrating the truth of our doctrines.

I hail with joy the advent of woman's finding her way into any new field of labor. I wish that ladies who have capital would make themselves practically acquainted with some branch or business, and demonstrate to the world that women are capable of competing with men in amassing wealth.

If young women dependent upon their own exertions for support, would seek some other avocation than the kitchen, needle, or the post of teacher, it would show others the way. But let them not consent to labor in any new department for half-pay—our half-pay field of labor is sufficiently extended already.

If we would succeed, we must be watchful, careful, and leave no stone unturned that obstructs our upward, onward course. Notwithstanding we have much to dishearten, still we have much to encourage us that our cause shall finally triumph. Women can make themselves heard in the world without fear of their moral characters being assailed, or their womanhood denied, but in the beginning of our reform this was not so. What slander was not heaped upon a Fanny Wright or an Abby Kelly? They suffered moral martyrdom, but generations yet unborn shall do them honor. May women prove true to their highest convictions of duty, and "God speed the right."

Yours, for truth and progress,

M. C. K. A.

For The Lily.

Letter from E. A. Lukens.

NEW GARDEN, Aug. 29.

DEAR LILY—A friend calls my attention to an ambigious expression in my last letter to you, which has offended her sense of justice, and given, as *she* thinks, no doubt justly, a false color to my own views. I thank her for the suggestion, and will profit by it, to correct a mistake that I should not wish any one to make.

The remark in question is this: "Many of them (medical men) possess also a thorough, grounded and comprehensive knowledge, that perhaps no *woman* can acquire." I merely alluded to the knowledge which results from *actual experiments* and personal research—the only thing worth calling knowledge in the opinion of some persons. These experiments upon living tissue, involve much sacrifice of the tenderest instincts of sympathy and pity; so much that is anti-humane and ansocial, when viewed in any but a scientific light, that I question if any woman, except under extraordinary circumstances, would not think the knowledge thus gained had been too dearly purchased.

Take, for instance, Brown Sequard, whose invaluable experiments upon the nervous system, the Medical Faculties of Europe await with anxious expectation, while his life, as a man, strikes with pain and disgust, those who value a domestic life of love, beauty, taste and refinement, and of whose habits of life, a contemporaneous writer and physician gives us the following attractive view:

"When we entered, we found ourselves in a sort of menagerie, consisting of Guinea pigs, Canary birds, small dogs, of every variety, and every age, pigeons, cats, toads, rabbits, doves, rats, mice, &c., all living together pell mell, in the most miscellaneous manner possible. In one corner there was a fresh litter of puppies, and under a set of book shelves, another of kittens. Every one of these animals had been experimented on in some way. Either the facial nerves had been cut or destroyed, or the ciliary muscle divided, or the crop opened by the man of science. By way of amusing us, the savan took up a rabbit and divided on one side the nerves of the ischiadic and lumbar plexuses. He then asphyxiated the animal. There followed convulsive movements in three limbs and other parts of the body; then these movements ceased, and the paralyzed limb went through various flexions and extensions. This was all very curious to us; but the odor of the room was not exactly that of Araby the blest, and we threw open the window. The Doctor's private room adjoined his menagerie; there he lived and labored for years."

I doubt if this man could take the place of Florence Nightingale, or if she, with that great tide of sympathy and devotion swelling in her heart could devote herself to a life of cutting, torturing and asphyxiating living animals. Yet I do not wish to exalt the one, or depreciate the other, in comparison. Both, in their own sphere, have their immeasurable value in life. But, to my mind, there can be no interchange of places—each is an opposite pole of the same sphere, one representing the masculine and the other the feminine extremes. One destroying, mutilating and torturing for the uses of abstract science, the other living only to heal, to soothe and alleviate suffering. The one sacrificing affection, sympathy and pity to the one fixed idea of science, the other carrying in her heart a whole heaven of pity and love and sympathy, in comparison with which the earth grew small and distant beneath her feet.

For this very reason, God has marked such as her for physicians, but to the man of science, with his clear head, cold heart and iron nerve, he has more especially given the field of knowledge and research. These furnish the pabulum of knowledge to such as are more qualified to be ministers.

The most perfect being is perhaps a blending of these; but this is not the age of human perfection; we must expect to find one person endowed with a talent for one thing, and another for another; yet of course a woman to be a physician must have science as well as love; and if I have rightly understood, Florence Nightingale has this. Who *can* acquire the knowledge necessary to aid her, if not a woman impassioned by a noble ardor, a

warm impulse of devotion and love? But this knowledge must not be gained at the sacrifice of her passion of love and sympathy. It can easily be arranged so that there should be no sacrifice of feeling, taste, or natural vocation to any one of the sexes, generously combined their talents giving free encouragement to all—jostling no one, and pushing no one out of the way. It seems to me, all sides of our humanity should be generously turned to the sun—there is room enough for all to work in, and work enough for all to do.

My friend alludes to Mesdames Bovin and Lachapelle, honored names, that the most eminent medical men quote with deference and respect; but they form no exception to the idea I have tried to convey. They have been experimenters, it is true, but their experiments have been means to an end identical with that I have had in view for women, and so far as I know, have not been attended with pain or mutilation, except where it was necessary to effect a cure. In short, the lives of these ladies have not been devoted to abstract science, but to the more humane and genial work of healing.

I have, perhaps, but poorly succeeded in expressing my thoughts, but such as it is, I must submit it to your readers, and close.

With esteem and regard,

E. A. Lukens.

For The Lily.

LETTER FROM MRS. BRONSON.

Mrs. Birdsall—I rejoice with you that the movement which you so ably advocate is still rapidly progressing, and that from all sections of our common country come words of cheer and encouragement. It is so. It must be so, for this is no light subject, floating upon a summer's breeze, to fall to earth when the skies are overcast, and the winds blow harshly. No, it is the spirit of progress working out Reform of law and custom embodied in principles styled Woman's Rights, no matter what it's name is, or whether applied in derision or good faith it is humanity struggling in the genial fostering light of free institutions for a higher destiny a wider field for the exercise of its inherent rights and boundless powers. It is the offspring of Republicanism. Man cannot be free and woman a slave, It is the cry of the weak oppressed pleading to the oppressor. It is the struggle of womanhood to throw off the shackles that have so long confined its limbs and dwarfed its powers.

It will progress, because a mighty hand propels. It will triumph, because it is of God; and that speedily, because man already doubts his power over his own species. Let us then take courage, and never faint or weary, nor lag in the strife. We have right and God on our side—we have wrong and those imperfect, like ourselves, against us.

Already man is showing his magnanimity and nobleness triumphant over his selfishness and power, by almost universally acknowledging that some change in the property laws should be made. Omnipotence, that moves him to this concession, will alone define what these "some" changes shall be.

I regret to see so many of your correspondents writing under assumed names. This custom of "nome de plume" is only admissible in the young writer struggling for fame. The names of Daisy Dell, Leonie and Meddlesome Kate may well accompany the first amblings of the muses to the weekly newspaper, but your correspondents write able arguments to advocate great principles of reform—of truths coeval with creation—principles which will live and thrive when the writer is dead. This is the immortality we labor for—that justice may triumph and out live the death of wrong and oppression. We spend our strength, and should lend our individual influence. No one should be afraid to declare their honest convictions of right and wrong before the world. This immortality of Truth is sure. Fear not, then, but come out under your own signatures, and declare your honest convictions. Let your names and place of residence be known, that we may shake hands together, and encourage and strengthen each other.

Are they young? All the better for that—they have long years to labor. Are they timid? The pure heart loves them the more, and they are on the side that a thousand may put ten thousand to flight. Be strong, be pure, be firm, and good and valiant for the right, ever forgetful of self.

M. A. Bronson.

Medina, Ohio.

For The Lily.

Land of Liberty.

Let us pause to ask, do these United States really and truly possess what these words imply? "Liberty, Freedom, exemption from the power and control of another."—Webster.

Fifteen out of the thirty-one of these States contain human beings that are bought and sold like cattle. Naught assails the mother's tears, and entreaties, or the children's heart rending cries. Going! gone! sounds like a strong, deep knell of death, as the auction hammer knocks off at one blow, all the hopes and tenderest affections which cluster around the human heart, and make the only distinguishing difference between it and the beastial. Land of Liberty! among the snowy folds of thy constitution, glitters in words of living light, "all men are born free and equal, possessing the inalienable right of Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

This boon the inebriate takes and buries in the gutter, then goes reeling to the polls and votes for the party which will give him the most rum. The unlettered, scarcely knowing their right hands from their left, can be bribed by their employees, to cast their votes so and so, all of which will tend to form our country's weal or woe. But woman, refined, intelligent, and having a soul burning for the love of justice, and the right, must never dare to choose who shall legislate for this great and *free* nation.

Let us trace the effect of such partializing, individual and human rights. In Western New York there resides an aged widow lady, owning *only* a small tenement, but quarterly and yearly the tax gatherer finds his way to her dwelling; in vain she expostulates and points to the sentiment dear to every free man, viz: "no taxation without representation." But what of that, she is only a woman, and she is told that they were made to be ruled by man. Stung with a sense of injustice, and often not having the means at hand, she is in the habit of deferring a little. But the *hirelings* are not thus to be put off, so it proved, when one day a street commissioner came in and warned her to work out her tax on the road; and to come at such a time, with hoe in hand. This, of course, was not complied with. Then an execution was placed upon her necessary implements of household furniture, every article of her wardrobe examined, and they were proceeding forthwith, to sell the same; staunchly refusing to withdraw the executive 'till every cent of the required tax was paid; though every time she does this she *feels* that just so much of her small means are wrested from her against her free will, against justice and right. And these stalwart men could make such a demand, and proceed thus with the effects of a poor, infirm, but intelligent woman, because the laws of their country sanction them;—Land of Liberty! glorious freedom; what full and clean exemption from the power and control of another is here; woman must have *no* voice in making the laws, but must pay to the utmost farthing, of her taxable property, for their enforcement.

Another instance in this same Western New York. A man, somewhat in the decline of life, was taken suddenly ill and expired within a few hours. He had deferred from time to time, the making of his will; though he was aware that his relatives, after his demise, would go to the full extent of the law in taking from his companion, the fruit of their jointlabors. They were, at the time of his death, in good circumstances; a comfortable, and even beautiful house had been erected upon the farm, and Mrs —— had by prudence, been enabled to furnish it in a becoming style, every nook and corner of this house was sacred to her, for within its enclosure she had hoped, with the companion of her labors, to sit down quietly and enjoy the evening of life, But death came and suddenly broke the cord that bound them, and she was left alone,—*alone*; would that she could have been permitted to have enjoyed this mournful privilege. Ere the funeral services were over, envious thoughts were going out into cruel threats. "She must not resist the claims of the law, which gives me my share," says one, "or mine," says another, "or mine," said a third, "or *that* house will be turned into a little hell, I reckon." As soon as the least possible decency would permit, officers were sent to examine every shelf, corner and crevice, from cellar to garret; knives, spoons, table linen, beds and bedding, preserves, dried fruits, even to a few elderberries, were carried out and exposed for sale, that there should remain not the least possible chance of the widows retaining a farthing over what the law prescribed. After these articles were disposed of, they proceeded to sell the house and farm, from these she had, at length, reluctantly doled out to her a portion, with which she purchased a small place, in a little village, several miles from the place where all her tenderest memories and sympathies lingered.

These are only two of the many instances that are almost daily occurring around and about us; and which can be immediately traced to unequal, partial, and therefore unjust legislation.

Firm and undaunted, with an eye piercing the clouds of foreign oppression, the immortal Warren could exclaim, "the voice of our father's blood calls to us from the ground, my sons *scorn* to be slaves," as *on* he pressed to the heights of Bunker Hill, and there offered his life as a pure, grateful sacrifice in the cause of freedom. Then, in the question of American independence, was lost all sight of future wrong. It remains *now* for us to prove the effects of unjust legislative enactments, and the bondage of custom. Now, says the ungrateful scions of such noble patriots, "woman was made to be ruled by man." How unlike the teachings of Chrst, in view of which it is written, "He hath put down all rule, all authority, and power." A clear proof is here, that the love principle, of which woman is the personation, and which Christ made radiant and glorious, is lost sight of, or made of but small account by the exaltation of the intellectual, or wisdom principle; and by this exaltation it has become sensual and selfish; given to wine, gluttony, passion, and oppression. Hence the shameless brawls upon the plains of Kansas; the restraining and knocking down of the exponents of freedom, and the fiery disputations in our legislative halls; and this spirit will doubtless wax stronger and fuller, until neutralized by the love principle, that must not as hitherto be thus passive but *active* in our great civil and political drama. 'Till then Liberty's glory-stained pinions must droop, and Freedom clank in chains, while at it's side, the eagle emblazoned on our banners, embellished with stars and stripes, floats in solemn mockery.

L. A. MACK.

Westbury, N. Y.

For The Lily.

Thoughts, on the Alleged Intellectual Inferiority of Woman.

Every human being has, besides an animal nature, certain attributes peculiar to Humanity. The interrogatories, launched forth by the enraged Jew, as a test of his claim to belong to the genus *Homo*, are equally applicable to the whole race. "Hath not a Jew affections, passions? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? and if you wrong us shall we not" reply?

Go to a country yet unexplored, and find a people upon whom no ray of civilization has ever dawned, yet, as they possess the characteristics of our common nature, you have no right to say they are incapable of cultivation—no right to say what they *cannot* become; or that they are beyond the means, motives, and influences of refined society. The Romans were once in the lowest state of barbarism, and the Britons offered up human sacrifices. You can no more determine, with certainty, the amount of latent power which lies folded up in a human soul, than the savage can conceive the forms of Life and Beauty, which the Sculptor evokes, from a shapeless block of marble.

Men, brethren and Fathers, this people of undeveloped power and capacity are *not* denizens of of a remote region. They compose half the population which surround you. They are your mothers, sisters, daughters. We are told that "the sphere of Literature and the fine arts is unquestioned, and wide open to them." This is not so. There

is no equality of opportunity. The young female student is called off, by a thousand household and industrial occupations, while her brother can pursue, uninterrupted, his studies, can indulge his taste in the fine or mechanical arts, with the keen stimulous of future emolument, or fame constantly urging him on, and inciting him to exertion. For the sister, meanwhile, there is no career except the dull unvarying round of ignoble and unprofitable employment. Suppose, however, that, urged by the strong bent of her genius, she devotes herself to science, or literary pursuits; she must be continually taunted with 'neglect of household duties,' is looked upon as an "odity," and forfeits her position in her own circle.

There lies before me a "*Religious* Family Newspaper," in which is a precious *morceau*, intended to be very witty, challenging Lucy Stone to refute the charge, that no woman had ever been a great Poet, Painter, or Composer.

What a nice piece is that for a "*Religious*" paper; for a boy to read to his mother and sisters; a mother and sisters, perhaps, drudging and toiling to give to their sons and brothers educational opportunities, which are denied to themselves. But it is worthy of remark, and as Capt. Cuttle says, "make a note on't," reader, this same paper, which endorse this choice specimen of would-be wit, derogatory to female Intellect, contains, ever and anon, several columns written by *women*.—Usually, in fact, the most readable articles, and the most sought after, in any of the literary papers of the present day, are tales written by women; and scarcely any of these same papers but publish slurs and slanders similar to the above.

And women patronize these papers, and read these depreciating articles week after week, without one glow of honest indignation. They have heard themselves belittled, and depreciated, or praised for qualities they ought to be ashamed of, 'till they have no confidence in their own powers, and believe themselves the inferior beings they are represented, till they believe in a partial and unjust God, who has made one half his creatures inferior and subservient to the other. There is not one word in the teachings of Christ to sanction this assumption. In every instance recorded he converses with them as rational and immortal beings, and says not one word of man's supremacy. One of the most sublime truths he ever uttered was promulgated to the world through the "woman of Samaria, as he sat and talked at the well."

Why do not these sticklers for the Jewish law, the *old* Testament, and the "Divine right" of men, keep to the *whole* law? Why reject a part? If they believe that "men were made to rule over women," they should believe in Polygamy. For the Patriarchs, and many good men of those days, had wives *ad libitum*; they should offer up sacrifices of sheep, goats, and cattle, and adhere to the ceremonial law.

Generations may first pass away, but the time will come when the malicious sneer at "strong minded women" will become, to use the words of Mrs. Gage, "a great reality." The time will come when the taunt of intellectual inferiority will be silenced, as is the hiss of the rattle-snake, or the howl of the hyena, in the crowded mart. The sublime words of the Poet cannot be too often repeated that

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again;"
"The Eternal Years of God are hers."

LEONIE.

St. Louis, Mo.

For The Lily.

BUTTONWOOD COTTAGE, Aug. 18th, 1856.

MRS. EDITOR:—I wish to present a few hints, as precursors, by the way, to the great cause of womans emancipation from the tyrranies of her present condition, Physically, Socially and Morally, in Society. The great stand point to begin with is health. A puny, sickly race of beings, such as we find women at present, can scarcely expect to succeed well in any great undertaking. Therefore, I would urge first, as one of most important and leading items, her Physical emancipation, in order that she may be able to stand forth a living specimen of blooming health, saved and redeemed from the curses resulting from the tyranies and enslavements of false fashions and bad habits, of the present society which each one is vieing with every other one, who can be the most stupid and servile in imitating. Her appeals for universal freedom will never be heard as long as she is thus servile. The proper medium through which she is to succeed in her entire emancipation, is a proper Physical, Mental and Moral culture. Ignorance is the great hand maid to slavery. How long do you suppose the four or five millions of African Slaves in the United States would be held in bondage, if they were as intelligent as their masters. The issue which now divides the two contending political parties for Presinent and Vice President, would soon cease. The Slaves themselves would soon remove it, by demanding their freedom, or death. It is not necessary that woman should stand on such extremes. Her social relation to man would make it unnecessary, if she were physically and mentally redeemed. Phrenology teaches us the mind acts vigorously and powerfully, in proportion, as our physical constitutions are well developed. The proper qualification for the possession as well as enjoyment of equal rights, must begin in the domestic and social circle. It consists in the ability towards self government. A power which endows its possessor with true moral courage sufficient to oppose whatever, of false fashions and bad habits she may find governing her sex. Those which are enervating and crushing in their tendency against the proper development of a true woman; a free woman, in the full sense of the term, whom none will dare attempt to enslave. For example, how humiliating she makes herself in her dependence when sick, for the means of recovery, almost entirely upon a male Physician. Whereas her Creator has evidently endowed her with all those qualities which are best adapted to ministrations for those, especially, of her own sex. Her maternal relation as mother and nurse forcibly illustrates the truth of the foregoing position; which position fully illustrates her dependance, in the whole catalogue of relations in a domestic and social point of view. Living, practical, daily truth, in all her walks in domestic and social circles, is what woman needs, to make her appeals heard and respected. Let her at least make good use of the few rights she already possesses, by freeing herself from those fashionable curses which society has falsely entailed upon her. She perhaps may be insulted, on being told that the Temperance Reform must reach her before she can be free, physically; no odds however much legal freedom may have been intended to her in the meantime. She must qualify herself to bequeath, physically and practically, upon her offspring, a well organized and proper developed constitution, which alone can be done by living a natural life herself. Perhaps the greatest evil which overtakes her under the present state of society, consists in the false managed relation into which she is almost unconsciously driven. Circumstances, as a general thing, under which she is placed at maturity, or before, say to her if she cannot wed the man of her choice, she must accept some one upon whom to lean in her dependence, or perhaps be a kitchen drudge for some one, at not enough remuneration to afford her decent clothing, and not be considered very respectable at that, however well she may conduct herself. Many of those marriages then, we say, which are the result of woman's dependent condition, lack the essential ingredients which are necessary to the proper enjoyment of the marriage relation. Man and wife, then, living and rearing a family upon the antagonistic principle of continual repulsion; the unwholesome fruits of which are scattered broadcast upon society, choking up the principal avenues through which a rapid progress, otherwise, might be made. We beseech you then, O Woman! in view of your degraded and humble condition, of all conditions in society to be up and doing; hold your meeting; extend your invitations to all; organize so as to convene and concentrate your undivided energies to the great reform so much needed. Yours Respectfully.

J. H. H.

☞ Practical religion is the best proof of a good understanding; for he whose life is good from pure principles sees things clearly; feels them as they should be felt; and acts like a man.

For The Lily.

Ladies Organize again.

Ladies have organized and formed themselves into societies, to aid in procuring funds for the relief of the suffering in Kansas. This is very praiseworthy; every benevolent heart, no doubt, has sympathy for all the persecuted and robbed who may have chosen that far distant clime for their home—but why not organize, for the relief of the poor washerwoman, domestic, seamstress, and teacher, who are starving on half pay; right near by too. Would it not cause smiles and sunbeams to visit many a poor widows home, and cheer with gladness *many* many an industrious girl, who now feels that long enough she has toiled for naught. Ladies, organize, *organize*, and form yourselves into societies to help pull down this *abominable* custom, that deals out to woman a dollar, while, for similar services rendered, it cheerfully gives six to her brother man;—pass around the contribution box, and send its contents to those poor, industrious, toil-spent ones, to aid them in securing, or to qualify themselves for more lucrative business, and to help sustain them in demanding higher remunerations in their several employments; do *this* ladies, and we will pray heaven to bless your efforts.

Strange that this American nation, with all it's inexhaustible mines of iron, coal, lead, and gold, and its refinements in cizilized life, has yet to *learn* that woman is worthy of *her hire*.

Westbury N. Y. L. A. JACK.

From The Ladies Enterprise.

KINDRED HEARTS.

BY E. A. W. H.

"If there be one that o'er thy dead
Hath in thy grief borne part,
And watched thro' sickness o'er thy bed,
Call this a kindred heart."

Yes, white or black, handsome or homely, your own countryman or a foreigner, take him to your heart of hearts if he has wept with you over your dead, and watched over you in sickness. Thank heaven we do find some kindred hearts among all classes, colors, and communities. We remember with much gratitude one who rocked us in the cradle, and watched over us through the helpless years of childhood. She tied our sun bonnet upon our head, smoothed down our white apron with her hands, and then with a playful slap on the neck, said, "There, go along child,' and when weary of play we sought the house again, she said "poor child," with a kind compassionate look, took us in her arms, and lulled us to sleep on her bosom.

When our lips were parched with fever, and we tossed restlessly about the bed, moaning with pain and calling in vain for help, she was there to hold the cup of water to the burning mouth, and say in her own sympathizing way, "Poor little dear—don't take on so—you will be better to-morrow," and as she turned over and over the heated pillow, and laid our head this way and that, we looked up into her dear, familiar face as if she had been a pitying angel, and thought her very, very beautiful. Yes, beautiful as she stood there with her glistening eyes and benevolent smile, beautiful, though *black as midnight*.

She was there to mingle her tears with ours in our first great sorrow, the death of a beloved mother; and she has mingled her tears with ours in many a later trial.

We meet her yet, sometimes, as we come and go along the highways and byways of a checkered life-path, and we take her dark hand in ours with a prouder thrill at the heart's core than if we should be permitted to touch the velvet fingers of England's queen, or to kiss the veritable royal lips of the fair Eugenie of France!

We think now of another kindred heart which is beating to-day somewhere in the city of Boston.

Our friend is an Irish girl, with a plain honest face and a hard hand. Good Mary! two years ago we lay upon a bed of suffering away in Pennsylvania. She was a servant in our boarding house, and we shall never forget the untiring anxiety with which she watched over us day and night, stealing every moment of time she could from other duties, to come and inquire "how we found ourself;" and whispering words of comfort in our ear when the whole heart was faint and the whole head was sick. She was truly a ministering angel, and did much towards saving our life.

Mary started for Chicago in the spring; and after a few weeks we heard of her in Boston. By some strange mistake of the *railroad people* she was set down in the wrong place. We must look up this sister of the heart ere long.

Well, reader, it is a good world with all its 'ups and downs,' and sloughs and pit-falls—for we all may boast of some "kindred hearts," but may be we are writing too much about *our own*.

GERMAN FAIRY TALES.

THE FAIRY COBBLERS.

A curious class of fairies, called the "Wichtelmanner," follow the humble occupation of shoemakers.

Once upon a time, a cobbler had become so poor, and that without any fault of his own, that there only remained to him as much leather as would make one pair of shoes. He cut them into shape at night, so as to sew them up on the following morning, and then slipped quietly to bed.

When he arose early to begin his work, the two shoes stood finished upon the table. He did not know very well what to think of this, but having taken them up in his hand to look at them more closely, he found that the workmanship was a perfect master-piece.

This pair of shoes was sold so well that the cobbler was enabled to buy as much leather as would serve to make two pairs. Having shaped them at night, he again rose early on the following morning, to begin his work with fresh spirit; but he did not need to do this, for the shoes were already made. And this went on, day after day, until he was no longer poor, but made a capital thing of it.

One evening, not long before Christmas, the cobbler said to his wife, "What think you of waiting up to-night, to see who it is that lends us this helping hand?"

So they hid themselves in a corner of the room behind some clothes, and kept a sharp look out.

At midnight, two neat, naked little fellows sat down at the table, and began to hammer and to sew with such speed, that the cobbler, in his admiration, could not keep his eyes off them. When all was finished they ran away.

Next morning, the good wife said:

"The little men have made us rich, let us show ourselves thankful for this. They run about naked and must be very cold. I will make shirts, coats and breeches for them."

At night, instead of the regular working materials, they laid the clothes on the table. The little men came as usual, were greatly surprised that there was no leather for them, and looked at the clothes with delight. They put them on with the greatest liveliness, singing—

"Are we not dandies, spruce and fine?
Why should we remain in the cobler line?"

They danced and hopped about, al most out of their little senses with joy. At last, they danced themselves out of the house, but they never came back again. All things, however, went well with the cobbler during the rest of his life.

A Hoop-y Accident.—Folly and extravagance are generally attended by inconvenience and often mortification. We witnessed an illustration of this yesterday afternoon. A lady enveloped in a monster hoop skirt, the dimension of which completely filled a doorway through which she passed in Scollay's Building, Court street. There were at least a dozen flower pots, in which were thrifty and exquisite flowers, placed on a portable shelf, extending from the window outside to the store within, through the door-way, which was not less than six feet in width. The lady, with her immensity of circumambients, walked gallantly and somewhat quickly into the store, and in doing so, prostrated some dozen of the flower-pots, by which they were destroyed, and the plants no better than ruined. The lady preserved an air of statue like nonchalence, while the affrighted and disconsolate shop'keeper proceeded to gather up the ruins. How the misfortune was settled, we had neither the curiosity to inquire nor the desire to know. What impressed us chiefly was the absurdity of a custom which destroys the property of others, and gives the sex which eminently possesses beauty and grace by nature, a positive deformity. We commend the above incident and its lesson to our lady readers.—*Boston Bee.*

Maternal Affection.—That was a most touching sight which was revealed at the North street calamity, recently, in the discovery among the ruins of a mother enclosing in her arms a beloved child. What a story of maternal affection does that circumstance unfold! How characteristic of the true mother! What heroic, noble daring does it shadow forth! Beneath fallen walls and blackened rafters, buried below seething brick and heated stone, she hugged and pressed that child to her breast, amid the most horrible and agonizing of deaths.

Who can tdll, who can imagine the torture of heart ank soul, of body and mind, of that mother, as the infuriated flames gathered about her, now burning, now suffocating? Closer and closer she pressed her offspring, as if to shield it from the consuming element, which each second brought a life-time of agony. What imagination can picture the terrible realities that mercilessly hemmed her about?

How piercing must have been that last shriek; how soul-aching that dying groan, sounded among the red, maddening flames! Still she clung nearer and nearer to her child, till a frightful doath ended their career. Could the shocking condition in which they were found—beyond identification, so burned, blackened and mutilated were they—be severed, and the *genius of the act*, its moral grandeur and heroic sublimity, be transfered to the canvas, what a picture it would present!

If all, or but the hundredth part of what that mother endured could be shadowed forth to the vision, it would suffuse the cheek ahd agonize the heart. It was an exquisitely sad effecting event, and mounts, in its significance and beauty, to those lofty regions where alone the truly heroic can exist. If fire purifies—if suffering ennobles—if heroism exalts—then has that mother, with her child, attained to these in their fullness.—[Ladies' Enterprise.

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Receipts on "Una" account since our last number. Electa H. Newton; A. H. F. Hains.

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Indiana Woman's Rights Association.

The annual meeting of the Indiana Woman's Rights Association, will be held at Winchester, Randolph county, on Thursday and Friday, the 16th and 17th of October next.

Winchester is a pleasantly situated town in Eastern Indiana, and accessible by railway to all parts of the country, and we do not hesitate to say that the meeting will be highly interesting. The present political struggles and critical situation of our country loudly calls upon every man and woman to closely investigate Woman's political position. And this occasion will furnish an opportunity for the free interchange of thought in reference to this important subject.

Efforts will be made to secure good speakers. All are invited to attend. H. BIRDSALL, Sec'y.

Sixth National Woman's Rights Convention.

In this epoch of political and social excitement, the advocates of the equal rights of Woman, find new reason to proclaim again their constant demand for a consistent application of Democratic principles, for the emancipation not alone of one class, or one nation, but of one half the human race. We accordingly invite

All who believe that government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed.

All who believe that taxation and representation should go together;

All who believe in the right of all to a trial by a jury of their peers.

All who believe in a fair day's wages for a fair day's work;

All who believe in the equal right of all children in the community to its public provisions for education to meet in Convention at the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, on the 8th, 9th, 10th of October next, to consider whether these rights of principle shall continue to be popularly limited to one-half the members of the community.

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